

# THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1863.

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 19

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A square is twelve lines of this size type equal to about 100 words of manuscript.

	Square	Square	Square	Square	Column	Column
1 Insertion	\$1.00	\$1.75	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$4.00	\$5.00
2 Insertions	1.50	2.50	3.50	4.00	5.00	6.00
3 Insertions	2.00	3.00	4.00	4.50	5.50	6.50
One Month	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.00	6.00	7.00
Two Months	4.00	5.00	6.00	6.50	7.50	8.50
Three Months	5.00	6.00	7.00	7.50	8.50	9.50
Six Months	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	20.00	25.00
One Year	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	40.00	50.00

## THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY  
ROSS & ROSSER.  
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - OCTOBER 22

From the Columbus (Ga.) Times.  
**The Old House on the Hill.**

BY GEO. E. BURGESS.

I am thinking of thee, mother,  
I am thinking of thee still,  
I'm thinking of sister, brother,  
And the old house on the hill.

Ah! well I remember, mother,  
And forget I never will  
The teachings that thou gavest me  
In the old house on the hill.

I'm sad and lonely now, mother,  
But return some day I will  
To the comforts of my old home  
In the old house on the hill.

I know thou art sad too, mother,  
For there's a void none can fill  
Have thy sons, who've gone from thee  
From the old house on the hill.

Yes thy two boys have gone from thee,  
And oh! but my God's will  
That they will never come back to thee  
Nor the old house on the hill.

Should we fall in battle, mother,  
Thou'll remember me still,  
But weep not for the vacancy  
In the old house on the hill.

Our home's deserted now, mother,  
And the fields I once did till—  
Nor are my books upon the mantle  
In the old house on the hill.

The Bible thou gavest me, mother,  
That Bible I have still  
'Tis the last of a relic of thee  
And the old house on the hill.

Everything of home, dear mother,  
Crowds upon my memory still—  
I long to be with thee again  
In the old house on the hill.

SOLDIERS' HOME, July 12, 1863.

## The Shadows in the Valley.

BY R. L. FLAHER.

There's a mossy, shady valley,  
Where the waters wind and flow,  
And the daisies sleep in winter,  
'Neath a coverlet of snow;  
And violets, blue-eyed violets,  
Bloom in beauty in the spring,  
And the sunbeams kiss the wavelets,  
Till they seem to laugh and sing.

But in autumn, when the sunlight  
Crowns the cedar-covered hill,  
Shadows darken in the valley,  
Shadows ominous and still;  
And the yellow leaves, like banners  
Of an Elin-brood, that's fled,  
Ting'd with gold and royal purple,  
Flutter sadly overhead.

And these shadows, gloomy shadows,  
Like dim phantoms on the ground,  
Stretch their dreamy lengths forever  
On a daisy-covered mound.  
And I loved her, yes, I loved her,  
And the angels loved her, too,  
So she's sleeping in the valley,  
'Neath the sky so bright and blue.

And no slab of pallid marble,  
Bears its white and ghostly head,  
Telling wanderers in the valley  
Of the virtues of the dead.  
But a lily is her tombstone,  
And a dew-drop, pure and bright,  
Is the epitaph an angel  
Wrote in stillness of the night.

And I'm mournful, very mournful,  
For my soul doth ever crave  
For the fading of the shadows  
From that little woodland grave.  
For the memory of the loved one,  
From my soul will never part,  
And these shadows in the valley  
Dim the sunshine of my heart.

A COLD WINTER.—People in Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota may look out for the hardest winter seen for years. There will be more cold days, the mercury will run lower, and the snow will be deeper than before since '57. This is the first fall, since the winter of '57, that the brook trout have commenced leaving the small creeks for deep holes as early as September, and the first season since then that muskrats have double walled their little hill-top homes. These and certain other infallible signs known to sportsmen and hunters, indicate a winter of unusual severity. It is our opinion that the river will close at least two weeks earlier than last year.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

At a revival meeting in Ohio an impulsive Dutchman was present. In the progress of the meeting, Dutchy's feelings became overpowering, and swinging his hat, he exclaimed: "Intrah for Shesus; he is der feller!" The effect was electrical, the serious countenances giving place to merry ones.

From the London Times.

## Exhaustion of the North and South.

The fallacy pervading Mr. Seward's views and the views of all his countrymen, lies in the assumption that the North is liable to no such exhaustion, but enjoys resources without limit. It seems to be forgotten that the population of the Federal States is, after all, little more than twice that of the Southern States, blacks included, and is only about equal to that of England and Wales; and though the Northerners may have twice the means of their antagonists, yet they have been living twice as fast. They have maintained armies twice as numerous, and suffered losses twice as large. The Confederates have raised 500,000 men, lost 250,000, and are proposing to raise another 100,000. The Federals have raised, according to various estimates, from 1,000,000 to 1,200,000, have lost 500,000 or 600,000, and are preparing to raise 300,000 more. They have expended, therefore, as much of strength as the South has done; and there seems, indeed, every reason to believe that President Davis will obtain his 100,000 fresh troops more easily than President Lincoln his 300,000. In fact, however Mr. Seward may speak of the inexhaustible resources of the North in "money, material and men," there are signs enough and omens to the contrary. "Enlisting has failed, volunteering has failed, and it is very plain that the conscription is now failing. Nor can we wonder at the event, or regard it as premature.

Let the reader imagine, if he can, five armies as large as our present army raised, not from Great Britain and Ireland, but from England and Wales alone, in the space of two years, and he will get an idea of the draughts made upon the North. The State of Illinois alone has sent between 130,000 and 140,000 troops to the war, which is as much as if we were to raise a force of that magnitude from the southern division of the county of Lancaster. It is a race of ruin, in short, between North and South; but though the North has twice the capital of the South to draw upon, its outgoings are twice as heavy, its task more than twice as severe, and its people neither so numerous nor so desperate. Our correspondence tells us how large a portion of the Northern people have no heart in the war, but Governor Letcher's message teaches us how little the Southern people are thinking of peace. These conditions go far to compensate the numerical inferiority of the Confederates, and render it probable that the exhaustion of strength is practically equal to both combatants in about an equal degree. We only wish it would induce them to terminate the strife.

## Lincoln's Policy.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Times says:

"The events of the last thirteen months have proved that Mr. Lincoln has given himself up entirely and without resistance to the guidance and direction of the most ultra and radical Abolitionists, of whom Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Senator Wilson and Zach. Chandler are the types. What they believe and assert is law to him. He has adopted all their wild and impracticable theories, and will carry out all their designs. His next message will contain a paragraph embodying the atrocious doctrine of Whiting's letter, and another in which the equally atrocious sentiments of Sumner, in the recent *Atlantic Monthly* article, will be announced as the governing principles of the Administration. \* \* \* In that article, which is known to have been submitted to Mr. Lincoln and to have been approved of by him and Mr. Stanton, the atrocious purpose of the Administration is declared to treat the Southern States as conquered provinces, and Southern people as conquered vassals, with absolutely no rights except what Congress may deign to confer upon them. To this complexion has it come at last."

Seventy-five thousand men, exclusive of the military, are employed in carrying out the Conscription Act. Nearly the same number of soldiers are distributed throughout the loyal States to keep the people quiet during its enforcement. The most liberal estimate of the number of conscripts secured by this immense army is sixty thousand, which is probably quite double the actual number it will bring into the field. Would it not be better to draft the Provost Marshals and their assistants, clerks and detectives, and cease paying any attention to the conscripts? The Government would thus secure a ready-made army, with the advantage that every individual member thereof is in favor of a "vigorous prosecution of the war."

EGOTISM AND STRIPPED STOCKINGS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Liverpool Courier* says that the 'Empress possesses the immortal glory of having invented, or at least revived, crinoline petticoats. Such a brilliant act would have fully satisfied the ambition of an ordinary woman. But her Majesty has a lofty soul, and aspires to the glory of making another revolution in female costume. For 30 or 40 years past, and for aught I know more, French ladies have been faithful to the white stocking, and they have firmly set their faces against the attempt of English ladies to introduce the red one. The Empress, thinking that the eternal white had become rather monotonous—the red too glaring, and blue too literary—asked herself if some other color could not be adopted. She thought long and anxiously, and at last the inspiration came—the stocking might be stripped! The day after this mental illumination the Imperial ankles, and some little space above them, came forth adorned with stockings of blue and white stripes; and all the courtiers proclaimed the union of the two colors ravishing to behold. By this time next year, no doubt, the new fashion will be as prevalent as that of crinolines."

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.—Patrick Henry, in one of his greatest oratorical efforts said: "The first thing I have most at heart is American Liberty—the next is American Union." If the present war policy is continued we will ere long have neither the one nor the other.

The most common craft on the sea of love are snakes?

From the London Times.

## Terrible Fight Between a Grizzly Bear and an Ammiss.

A correspondent of the Portland (Oregon) Times, writing from Bannock City, in the Boise Mines, Idaho Territory, tells the following story, which may be believed by those who are fond of wonders:

A terrible fight between a mountain ammiss and a grizzly bear was witnessed by a small party of mountaineers a short time since, on the road leading from here to Lewiston. The party had stopped to camp for the night, when suddenly wild and terrific screams and fearful sounds burst upon their ears, indicating a deadly combat between two forest monsters. The scene of action was near, but out of sight. The party were silent listeners during the desperate conflict, the sounds of which struck terror to the stoutest-hearted mountaineer. Finally the sound died away—the conflict was ended. An hour of silence elapsed, and the party ventured slowly and cautiously toward the spot, from whence those fearful sounds had emanated. As they neared the spot, the victorious ammiss passed before them into the jungle. On coming to the place of the deadly struggle, they found dead and bleeding a large she bear, that would weigh probably 800 or 1,000 pounds.

The grizzly was bitten through and through the neck, and fearful gashes were inflicted on the body, laying bare the ribs and shoulder blades, surpassing the effects of repeated strokes from a heavy cut-throat knife. It seems that the ammiss decided to make a meal of the cub, to which the she bear objected, hence the fight ensued; and it was such a fight as mortal man scarcely ever witnessed, and none but bears and lions participate in. The mountain ammiss is an animal half way between an African lion and a Bengal tiger. It is described by a mountaineer as follows: "His form is much like the lion, being very heavy before and light behind, with a perfect lion's tail, but lacking the mane, though the hair toward the neck was longer than on the rest of the body; has a round ear, dark streaks around the eyes and up and down the face, also running down the legs. The body is some darker in color than that of the lion, and free from stripes. His foot is a lion's paw. This beast of prey has lately been discovered in these mountains, and the ammiss is a wonderful animal, no doubt the king of beasts in the forests of Idaho." When his angry voice is heard, the beasts of the forests crouching seek their hiding places."

## Ewing's Depopulated District.

We received a call this week from the Hon. Davis Wilson, a member of the House from Riley county in 1862. He is at present connected with the Provost Marshal's office of the District of the Border at Kansas City. We learn from him that Gen. Ewing's Order—No. 11—that four counties of Missouri should be depopulated, has been carried out to the letter—that is, the original order has been carried out. It will be recollected that a supplementary order was issued by Gen. Ewing to the effect, that no buildings were to be destroyed—they were to be saved, to be occupied by loyal inhabitants. Mr. Wilson informs us that but very few houses are left in a strip of country some 30 by 100 miles, except around the towns. The men in that region were almost wholly in the rebel army, and have been for a long time. The women and children had left since the promulgation of the order, taking with furniture and stock they chose to; the furniture left, together with the houses having been burned 110 houses, some of them of great value—worth it is said, as high as \$20,000. The whole country has been desolated; what few men remained were shot, unless their loyalty was proved. It is a severe lesson; and to those who do not know that those counties for years have furnished the men who have robbed, murdered and devastated Kansas. It may seem cruel and barbarous. The people of Kansas, however, know the facts, and knew that just devastation was the only course to insure safety to them.—*Topeka Kansas Record.*

Why is it that every old line Abolitionist—every man who for years taught that there is a law higher than the Constitution of the United States, and every man who was engaged in running off Fugitive Slaves—is pronounced a good Union man, while the men who urged obedience to the requirements of that Constitution, and who have never abated a particle of their love for it or for the Union, are denounced as disloyal?

Singing is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care—it supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn twice as much money as a cobbler who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, or August of its meadow larks.

Brevity is a commendable quality, especially in orations and contributions to daily newspapers; but it is not always safe to be short. "What do you think of Mr. So-and-so?" was asked of an eminent man. The answer was a striking example of simple justice: "I haven't time to tell you. The character is too large to be disposed of in a minute. An epitaph is long enough for a sarcasm, but it is much too short for a candid opinion. It would take an hour to discuss the faults of the man you mention, and another hour to do justice to his excellencies."

Every swindle and fraud that has been perpetrated upon the Government, has been done by these intensely loyal people. We have not heard of one Democrat engaged in this business. How does it come that all this swindling and gambling away the people's money, is done by persons of tried loyalty. We fear the words loyalty and fidelity have become synonymous in time.

## A Dying Soldier's Tale.

A boy of some eighteen summers lay on the battlefield near Fredericksburg, mortally wounded. He lay all day, unmindful of the scorching sun and the roaring of artillery. Cannon balls flew past fanning his pale cheek on their deadly mission, but he knew it not. At last he awoke to consciousness and looked around him. The moon was shining calmly on the boyish face; the blood oozing slowly from his side was evidence that his young life was almost spent. For a moment he pressed his trembling hand to his side to ease the throbbing pain, and the pale, bloodless soldier near, hearing, inquired if he was badly wounded. "Yes," replied the dying boy, "I am dying, and I want my mother! For when they compelled me to leave her she bade me come back to her for I was the staff of her declining years. I promised her I would; but I am dying now, and shall never see her more."

The boy went on to say, for it seemed to relieve his mind to talk, "when they told my mother her only child was drafted and would have to go to war, she said not a word until we were left alone; then she came to me and laid her white arms around my neck and kissed me. I could not speak then, so I returned her caress silently. At last she spoke: 'George I have buried two sons, and the next one called was your father. With a sad, almost broken heart, I heard the clods of the valley fall on his grave lid, and tried to bear this affliction with christian fortitude, and I succeeded, for I had you to lean upon, my son! But the cup that Abraham Lincoln is pressing to my lips to-night is too bitter, and she fell fainting on my bosom.' It would be useless to tell you the days spent by me to raise money to buy a substitute. We were poor and they told me to go, and they would care for my mother until I came back. They said it was but nine months and it would soon pass away. But I am passing away instead, and my mother will be left alone! Here his voice sank to a whisper, and his last words were, 'mother—' and the moon came out of a cloud and revealed the childish face set in death. 'This was all. But it is well! God forgive the agitators of this most unholy war, and bind up the broken hearts of widows and mothers in their great sorrow.—*The Crisis.*

WANT OF COURAGE.—Sidney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little brass, as it is termed.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because the timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could only have been induced to begin, would, in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in order to do anything in the world worth doing, you must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as you can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see it succeed for six or seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and his first cousin, and his particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, that he has lost much time in consulting first cousins and particular friends; that he has no more time left to follow their advice. There is so little time for over-eagerness at present that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity in such instances, of little violence done to the feelings, and of efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation.

MILITARY TYRANNY.—The newspapers from all parts of the country bring us accounts of arrests, hand-cuffings and imprisonments of innocent persons, suffered at the hands of Provost Marshals and their assistants, without possibility of relief, except by the means of military commanders, and without any redress at all. A man may be pressed on the shoulder, at his work or in the street, told he is a deserter, ironed instantly, and taken to the cars, hurried off to another State, and there thrust into prison to await the pleasure of his irresponsible captors, or their equally irresponsible superiors. The chance of redress in such cases is but as one to a hundred. If a wrong is done, even by mistake, it is for the interest of those who did it to avoid exposure, and so the injured citizen is sent forward, under guard, to the army, whence, it may be hoped, he will never escape alive to confront his kidnappers. The suspension of the habeas corpus prevents all judicial interference with the arrests. The military power is supreme, and under the pressure of its arm the laws are silent. The protection which the Abolitionists clamored for in behalf of the runaway negro is now denied to every white man in the North, by a Government elected in the interest of Abolition.—*Boston Courier.*

William D. Kelly, a member of Congress for Philadelphia, in a recent speech, said:

"Yes, sooner or doubt it as you may, the negro is the 'coming man' for whom we have waited."

We have no doubt that W. O. Kelly is just the kind of a man to wait for a negro, while in his connection with white men, he is a cowardly libeller and liar. Perhaps he is right in waiting for negroes, as few white men, who know him, would willingly accept his company. He is a wretch whom the very instincts of a gentleman turn from with loathing, and whose face seems to have been deformed by the hand of God, that all men might shun him.—*Old Guard.*

To lovers there ever blooms beside the happy present a still and quiet past—beside the rose forget-me-not.

## President Lincoln and the Radicals.

The President Driven on as an Extremist of the Whites.

[From the London Times, Sept. 24.]

If the abolition of slavery is being fought out in America by the largest armed hosts in the most obstinate battles history has recorded, the 'support' that can be given to the 'cause of emancipation' by a public meeting, a few speeches and a string of resolutions, is very superfluous. A straw carried to a conflagration, a drop of water poured as a contribution into the Gulf stream, would have as much practical effect as the 'support' that can be given by a little discussion to a cause that has four armies behind it, and counts half a million of slaughtered men as a sacrifice it has already demanded. Emancipation, if this civil war is serving it, has long passed beyond the point at which it could derive aid or assistance from any expression of sympathy.

Both the English and the American advocate at the Leeds meeting, requires a good deal of extension and correction. Both suppressed much that bears vitally on the question. Can Mr. Channing explain when President Lincoln's proclamation became a 'noble and generous offer,' when its author still describes it as merely an act of military necessity? It does not spring from the 'law of kindness' to the negro, but the desire of damaging his master, and involves about the same degree of real benevolence as General Gilmore's incendiary shells. Mr. Lincoln's real opinions on slavery are those he repeated and affirmed in his inaugural address in March, 1861, when he declared he had no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery where it exists, 'adding explicitly, 'I believe I have no lawful right, and I have no inclination to do so. Those who nominated and elected me did so with a full knowledge that I had made this and similar declarations, and had never recanted them.' It is Mr. Lincoln's misfortune to have become, under the pressure of the merciless philanthropists of his party, an instrument for exterminating the whites. But a liberator of the blacks, on the benevolent theories of Wilberforce and Clarkson, he neither has been, is, nor can be. 'Their successors of the societies that are, as far as England is concerned, extinct bodies, still use all the phraseology in vogue thirty years ago—the 'man and brother' period of emancipation—and seem to think that freedom to the American negro would be what it was to the petted and protected 'African' of our West Indian Colonies. Our Abolitionists are dreaming of 'raising the black race to a higher status. Their colored freeman is an imaginary being that, unhappily, the freed-slaves of Northern America will not allow to become a reality. There the liberated black is the most despised of Pariahs—kicked, cuffed, spit upon, driven out of every field of employment, by law expelled from some States, massacred in any popular tumult in others, detested in all as a nuisance. There are the facts that make freedom to him a most cruel gift—facts that our early emancipationists had not to dread for the race as a consequence of their principle. Will any American make it clear to English minds how it is possible that the people of the North can make really free a race they thus socially despise and hate with an intense hatred? Englishmen do not think that such contradictions can be reconciled, and, therefore, believe that, with the exceptions of a few fanatics, those who make abolition the purpose of the war not sincere. Other objects are too evident to allow the assertion to pass unchallenged that philanthropy is all that is to be enforced as the cannon's mouth. President Lincoln is perfectly indifferent on the principle of Abolition, and uses it only as a weapon of attack. A restoration of the political Union, 'with slavery or without it,' he himself defines as the object of the war. The purpose is distinct enough, but a high degree of moral can not be claimed for the means employed to effect it. The fact is, that English public opinion on the civil war remains the same as when that of the most eminent men of America was identified with it.

We think now, as Lincoln and Seward, and Scott and Everett, thought before the actual outbreak, that the rupture of the political compact was a catastrophe that war would only aggravate. Passion has swept people and leaders alike far beyond this point. But to make it a complaint that spectators of the horrible conflict have not approved, the plunge into national ruin is unreasonable almost to childishness. The communities of Europe have merely retained the power of reflection which Americans have lost in the excitement of battle. While grieving over the incidents of the war, we can not applaud its purpose, which still seems unattainable by force. Whatever may rise out of the wreck, it will not be the old Federal Union of America. When reason could make her voice heard, that was the prediction of American statesmen, and is still the general conviction of Europe. This is the real explanation of what Americans in their present feverish state of mind can not understand, and causes the English 'want of sympathy' to appear to it, as Mr. Channing said, the 'wonder of wonders.'

THIS IS AN ABOLITION WAR.—These words are not ours. We insist that this war must and shall be, in spite of every effort made to pervert it from its true, original and only lawful purpose, a war for the Union. But the boast that it has thus been perverted, is openly made by representatives of the ruling party. Col. Stone, the Abolition candidate for Governor of Minnesota, thus declares: "I admit that this is an Abolition war. It was not such at the start, but the Administration has discovered that it could not subdue the South else than by making it an Abolition war, and they have done it; and it will be continued as an Abolition war so long as there is one slave at the South to be made free. \* \* \* I would rather eat with a nigger, drink with a nigger, and sleep with a nigger, than let an Abolitionist open his mouth, if his political opponent claims that the war for the Union has been converted into an abolition crusade."

From the New York Express, October 10. Effects of Currency Expansion. Both the Herald and Times note to-day the prosperity of every body, in about every thing. The Express, yesterday, showed from the Independent, that the diamond trade of the city has increased fourfold, that our diamond has been entered at the Custom-house worth 40,000 francs, &c. "The demand for houses," says the Times, "is unprecedented. There are none to rent, and few for sale, and the tide of population, nevertheless, continues to pour into every one of our great towns with undiminished impetuosity."

All true. From Chicago and Cincinnati on to Boston, the cities seem scarcely half large enough to hold the people entering them. The fact is, *Agriculture and Labor* are becoming menial occupations, and country life, in winter, is vulgar now, so that thousands, enriched elsewhere, are rushing to the cities to spend their money.

From the Herald.

"Last Saturday afternoon there were six thousand private equipages on the drive of our beautiful park. Our largest manufacturers of carriages are taxed to the utmost to fill their orders and have to refuse to take any more work. A gentleman recently arrived in the city found it almost impossible to obtain room in any livery stable for his horses, as all the stalls had been engaged in advance. All the boarding-houses in the city are full. During the Crystal Palace furore, New York was pretty well jammed; but still some sort of accommodations could be provided for strangers. Now we are as packed as an omnibus load, and there is no more room inside. The dry goods dealers and jewelry merchants are constantly complaining that they are doing too much business, and that their highest price articles sell first. Silks are now much more common than calico, and diamonds than pebbles."

"Seventeen regular places of amusement are now open in this city, besides countless concert saloons and music halls, and every one of them is crowded nightly. Broadway is thronged every morning with thousands of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, whose attires rival the rainbow in gorgeous hues and the kaleidoscope in variety. Many splendid places of marble and brown tones are in process of erection upon Fifth-avenue and other magnificent thoroughfares, and those already erected are rented for enormous sums per annum."

All these are true pictures—and the true inference would seem to be, War is a great blessing, gold and silver great humbugs—and paper money the Utopia of Philosophy, Poetry and Romanticism. But—as when a man is drunk, or two-thirds drunk—the exhilaration inspires him—so now, is our country inspired, and the inspiration insinuates itself into every thing. The day of reckoning, however, comes for the drunkard—the day after the revel—in pains, and settled diseases, that convert the hitherto sober man into a killing delirium tremens."

In 1830, it will be remembered that the city of New York was in pretty much the same sort of a revel it is now in. Under the paper money system of that great humbug—the country, too, was in an equal revel. The land speculators in Bangor, Maine, were so busy, that it was reported these speculators paid a dollar an hour for the use of posts to lean on in the streets, as they trafficked in lumber lands or lots. In our Wall-street, millions were made in a week or so. Very few brokers were there that did not kite their hundreds of thousands daily. We became so rich, indeed, at last that we could not afford to waste time to fill the soil, to raise corn, cabbage, &c., and, as a consequence, this, the greatest wheat-growing country in the world, began to import wheat from the Black Sea and the Baltic, and even potatoes from France and Ireland. An explosion, of course, took place soon afterward. The brokers blew up, sky-high. Broad riot ensued here. Ell Hart's flour store was sacked. The people, then, after the grand drunk, sobered down into the Scripture fact again, that 'a man's bread was to be earned by the sweat of his brow.'"

## Blessed are the Peace Makers.

A scathing rebuke to the War Abolition Clergy, by the great commander of the Scriptures:

[Extract from Christ's Sermon on the Mount.]

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."—St. Matthew, 5th chap. 9th verse.

As war distracts and divides nations, families and individual from each other, inducing them to pursue different objects and different interests, so peace restores them to a state of unity, giving them one object and one interest. A peace-maker is a man who, being endowed with a generous public spirit, labors for the public good, and feels his own interest promoted in promoting that of others; therefore, instead of fanning the fire of strife, he uses his influence and wisdom to reconcile the contending parties, adjust their differences, and restore them to a state of unity.

As all men are represented to be in a state of hostility to God and each other, the Gospel is called the Gospel of peace, because it tends to reconcile men to God and to each other. Hence our Lord here terms peace-makers the children of God: for as He is the Father of peace, those who promote it are reputed his children. But those children are they who foment divisions in the church, the State, or among families? Surely they are not of that God, who is the Father of peace and lover of concord; of that Christ, who is the sacrifice and mediator of it; of that Spirit, who is the nourisher and bond of peace; nor of that church of the Most High, which is the kingdom and family of peace."—*Commentary of Adam Clarke, L. L. D.*

## IRISHMEN AND GERMANS, LOOK HERE.

Wendell Phillips, the rampant, fanatical Abolitionist, says:

"The day is not far distant when the free negro of the South will work side by side with the white American citizen everywhere, and in every department of industry, proving himself equal to the energetic New Englander, and superior to the profligate Irishman and stupid German."

THE END.